UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Memories of William T. Stead

Part I.

By Edwin D. Mead

The Conscientious Objector - *Sydney Strong*

The Choice - - - - *Edith Mallaby*

The Christ Rerisen—An Easter Meditation
- - - - - *Charles G. Girelius*

Collaboration in the Churches
- - - - - *Robert Whitaker*

Purity of the Press - - *May Stranathan*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Challenge

To the Representative Heads of Christendom:

His Holiness, the Pope.

His Eminence, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The President of the Federal Council of Churches.

The Presiding Bishop of the American Episcopal Church.

Reverend Sirs:

There is being enacted today, in India, a drama, consisting of a gigantic effort, led by Mahatma Ghandi, to win the freedom of the nation by the use of non-violence, a method, in contrast with the method of force, which must find a strong appeal in all Christian hearts, especially at this season.

You are earnestly urged to interpret this great movement, to the end that you, as well as your congregations may enter into sympathy with this exhibition of spiritual power which promises so much to displace the old war program, and also to join in prayers that this non-violent method may be kept free from breaking out into bloodshed, to the disruption of the peace of the world.

Edmund B. Chaffee,
Abel J. Gregg,
John Haynes Holmes,
Clarence V. Howells,
Edwin Fairley,
Sydney Strong,
Harry F. Ward,
Clergymen.

(Editorial Note: Five years ago this message, inspired by Dr. Sydney Strong, was sent to the official heads of the Christian world. It was dated April 17, 1930. On this anniversary date it is republished here, in reminder that India still challenges the sympathy and support of those who would walk in the ways of the Spirit.)

The Churches on War—Unemployment—and a New Social Order

Excerpts from authoritative pronouncements of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish bodies:

Protestant

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America—from its pamphlet entitled "Social Ideals of the Churches," adopted unanimously at its Quadrennial Meeting on December 8, 1932:

War

The war system is inconsistent with all Christian ideals. In war,

(*Continued on page* 78)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXV MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1935 No. 4

THE LENTEN CHRIST

Who is this Christ the churches sing?
This "Lord of All," they praise?
What are these offerings they bring?
What means this cross they raise?

Is this the Christ who stormed of old
Against the scribe and priest?
Is this the peasant-prophet, bold
To damn a Dives' Feast?

Is this the Christ of whip and cord
Who drove the traders out?
The Jesus of the withering word
That lashed the Temple rout?

Are those who follow now His train,
The mighty and the proud,
Of other breed, or nobler strain
Than was Golgotha's crowd?

Or do they crucify the less
The Son of Man today
Who profit by the poor's distress,
And arm their sons to slay?

What holy mockery is this!
What web of artful lies
That veils a moment the abyss
Where false religion dies!

ROBERT WHITAKER.

In times like these, the "times that try men's souls," to quote the immortal Thomas Paine, there is nothing quite so desperate, it seems to us, as the helplessness of the individual who would "keep peace and pursue it." What can any of us do to stay the cataclysmic calamity that now is moving down upon us? Our influence of word or work, what may it be but a stray straw in the path of a glacier, or a pebble on the rails before a speeding locomotive? How gladly would we do something—yea, die if needs be—to end the curse of war! Yet we stand as helpless, so it appears, as the western farmer who sees a black cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, darkening the horizon, and then mounting and spreading as a cyclone to cover and consume the entire landscape. But there is another point of view! In his recent volume of sermons, entitled "The Secret of Victorious Living," Dr. Fosdick reminds us of a tale, recounted to Whittier by his father, that when an Indian tribe went on a drunken debauch, invariably one Indian was selected to stay sober. "Even *one* Indian can do that," says Dr. Fosdick. If the mob goes mad, we can remain sane. When, or if, the nation decries democracy and yelps for Fascism, we can keep our heads and stand by the liberties of the fathers. When, or if, the world plunges into war, we can keep the peace and take the consequences. If there were only one of us, we could do this. But there are many of us, millions of us! We do not stand alone. Faithful ourselves to reason and right, we must reach out our hands and hearts to others like-minded with ourselves, and join one company of souls. Such a company will avail something, even in such an hour as this. If not now, in immediate results, then eventually, in the far destiny of mankind, our fidelity will count.

"Right forever on the scaffold, Wrong
forever on the throne.
Yet that scaffold sways the future. . . ."

The future—there is our larger hope!

Nothing to our mind could be more pitiful than all these recent efforts on the part of Britain, France, Italy, Russia and the other lesser nations to meet and mate the latest move of Hitler for the restoration of Germany to world power. The statesmen have all taken the regulation steps in the dance called by Hitler's tune. Notes have been sent, protests made, visits paid, even threats offered, but what do they amount to? Nothing at all. The situation is exactly what it was in mid-March, or has been ever since the Nazis captured the Reich. Hitler has his plans for the reconquest of Europe, exactly as he has his plans for the extirpation of the Jews, and he is going to carry out both plans with utter ruthlessness and at any cost. If you want to know what these plans are, and what they mean, read Ernst Henri, or Johannes Steel, or Hitler himself in "Mein Kampf." It's all there in plain black and white—there is no concealment about this business at all. And yet there are those who still think that the German Chancellor does not mean what he says. If it is necessary to think this—that Hitler does not mean what he says!—then apply this doctrine to his promises and pledges of peace, which are just so many preliminary moves in his game of arms. *Hitler is going to war*—not immediately, of course, for he is not ready. He needs planes and tanks and gas—above all, he needs alliances firmly joined for purposes

of mutual advantage. But these will come, are already coming. And when all is ready, the blow will fall. In the face of such grim realities as these, the mutterings and putterings of European statesmen (so-called) are so pitiful as to be ridiculous. And always, flitting through the columns of newspapers and into the pulpits of churches, even on the ether-waves of radio, are the Pollyannas, who are sure that "everything will come out all right." We thought that this tribe of silly sentimentalists, who believe to be true what they want to be true, had been extinguished forever in 1914. But here they are, to mislead and misguide again a long-suffering humanity.

It is inevitable that our minds should be absorbed these days with European affairs. How can it be otherwise with war gathering like a vast storm on the horizon of the world's life? But we should spare some measure of time, however small, for dangers and horrors and miseries in our own country—evils which must be corrected here, as a condition of our attempting to correct other evils elsewhere. Take the flight of the share-croppers in Arkansas, for example! Here are thousands of men and women driven to the last stages of starvation by the administration's agricultural policy. So terrible is their condition, that the color line has been wiped out, and whites and blacks have come together in a common cry for help. In response, the planters have leaped upon these miserable wretches—broken up their meetings, evicted them from their homes, beaten up their leaders, and in general established a reign of terror which matches anything perpetrated by the Nazis against the Jews or the Bolsheviki against the Kulaks. And at this hour of writing, Washington has refused to do anything to save these wretched citizens from oppression. Then, there is the problem of lynching! In Arkansas the lynch-rope is out and ready for use. Since New Year's three horrible lynchings have disgraced the nation. When is the Wagner anti-lynching bill going to be passed, and the federal government thus made responsible for the handling of this evil which outdoes anything ever done by Hitler in his worst moments? We would not forget, also, the free speech fight. Never has civil liberty been so imperilled in this country as it is today, and never, therefore, were we so ill-fitted to denounce the denial of civil liberty in Italy, Germany, and all too many other countries. The fact is, America is a part of this world which is now swiftly falling into chaos and ruin. The repressions, cruelties, and violences common to the world at large are suddenly becoming common to us also. We don't call it Fascism, or Nazism, but it's the same serpent lifting the same poisonous head from out the same jungle of disorder. And never forget this—that the iron laws which enchained us during the War were never repealed, but are lying dormant at this hour, waiting to leap to life the moment another war sweeps down upon us!

Prospects for 1936 are beginning to take shape. Thus, the Socialist Party has definitely rejected the idea of a third party, of joining hands with unorganized farmers and workers for the establishment of a real radical movement. Meanwhile, the Party is rent in pieces by the tragic consequences of the Detroit Declaration. The National Committee, the product of the Detroit Convention, has given the New York section of the Party, opposed to the Declaration, a period of six weeks in which to promise "to be good." In all probability the New York charter will be withdrawn by the national body, and the Party enter the 1936 campaign hopelessly crippled. On the other side of the political line-up, we see every sign of the Republican Party coming to life. The waning popularity of President Roosevelt, so unexpected and now destined to be so devastating, is like tonic to the ancient invalid. There may be a chance, and a good chance in the next campaign! So the G. O. P. is planning a national rally, and applauding William Allen White's suggestion of a new baptism from "Old" to "Young." That the Republicans will enjoy a real revival is now certain. As for the Democrats — curiously enough, after two unprecedented victories, they are sick with worry. As if the weakening of the President's hold upon the country were not enough, there is now the excellent prospect of a party split a year hence, with Roosevelt leading the Democratic conservatives, and Huey Long the wild rabble of the radicals. The Kingfish is sure to run, and in this case sure to divide the Democratic total, and thus pretty sure to elect a minority Republican to office. That a genuine third party movement will appear in the campaign is exceedingly doubtful. The Farmer Laborites, the La Follette group, the Olsen crowd, the Non-Partisan League, the trades unionists, these have no genius for getting together. They are unhappy when marching with any main army, and infinitely prefer to be snipers or foragers. The Communists, of course, will follow their usual line of rigorous discipline and single-eyed devotion, and roll-up, we surmise, a largely increased vote. As to the campaign itself, it will outdo in excitement and bitterness anything that the nation has seen since 1884; and, in importance, all campaigns since 1860.

Why should those who deride and deny civil liberties be protected in the enjoyment of these liberties which they would refuse to others if they had the power? This is a question which is getting more and more pertinent every day. The Communists, for example! In Russia, they have made the cleanest sweep of civil liberties known in modern times. Even the Tsars fell short of the Bolshevist standard of tryranny.

In this country, as in other countries, the Communists are perfectly frank in saying that, if or when they gain control of government, they will ban freedom of speech, assembly, and press upon the instant. Yet they insist upon the full enjoyment of all these rights as guaranteed by the hated bourgeois democracy which they would destroy. Why should we bother to see that their insistence is effective? Or take the Roman Catholic Church! This hierarchy is now complaining bitterly against the persecutions visited upon their priests and communicants by the radical government in Mexico. But this same hierarchy has itself been guilty of dreadful persecutions, and, if placed in supreme control by any country, would undoubtedly deny to others the liberties they now claim for themselves. Why should we be concerned about their present plight south of the Rio Grande? In answer to these questions there is only one thing to be said, and that is that liberty is an absolute principle of right. It is granted and guaranteed not on the basis of any pragmatic plea of expediency, although there is a potent case for liberty from the standpoint of social practicality. At bottom, the justification for civil liberties is none other than that of abstract justice. This is our ideal—that men should be free! And "men" means *all men,* regardless of race and religion, creed and class, good and evil. The liberal, in other words, like God must be "no respecter of persons." Liberty applies even to those who would destroy liberty. This is the peril of the philosophy of principle—and also, be it said, its glory!

How touching is the concern of the liquor interests for the cause of temperance! A little while ago a whiskey manufacturer, or was it an association of distillers, started a campaign of newspaper advertising to teach the public not to drink too much. Now comes a body calling itself the Retail Wine and Liquor Guild, which plans to educate the people in the right use of alcoholic beverages, especially how to drink not only correctly but temperately. This reminds that excellent Roman Catholic weekly, the *Commonweal,* of the "beautiful legend of our national past" known as the "Good Bartender." This lovely soul was the guardian angel of the saloon addicts. He knew when they had had enough, warned them against the raw and fiery brew, sent them home under escort when they could not navigate alone, and always warned the young against the drunkard's path. We remember this hero, a one-armed veteran of the Civil War, father of a motherless che-e-ild, as glorified in Hoyt's famous farce, "A Temperance Town." Perhaps the liquor crowd are trying to bring back this "bunk," to fool another generation. But it is more likely that, after only a little over one year of Repeal, the brewers and distillers are getting frightened. For intoxication is running rife. Arrests for drunkenness are mounting like the national debt. Drunken driving is becoming a menace of incredible proportions. How long will it be before automobile associations put their members on a strictly total abstinence basis as a condition of any safety at all upon the road? The Wine and Liquor Guild declares that it is "thoroughly aware that to encourage drunkenness is to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs." It may be well to analyze this statement a bit! "Golden eggs" means obviously the profits the liquor dealers are making, and which they don't want to lose. The "goose" is of course the legalized liquor traffic. "To kill" refers inevitably to Prohibition. So Prohibition may come back if "drunkenness" keeps on! That's the fear—and to some of us the easy confidence of what sooner or later must happen. Not all the Guilds in creation can stop drunkenness as the product of liquor. So we need only bide our time. A disgusted and frightened public opinion will assert itself, and liquor will again be outlawed.

Is there anything quite so dead today as the philosophy of materialism? Even liberalism seems youthful and energetic compared with this mouldering corpse which made such a kick in mid-nineteenth century thought. Yet, curiously enough, the one greatest moving force in the world today, Marxism in its various socialistic and communistic forms, is bound to this philosophical materialism, and cannot seem to understand that it is thus bound to a "body of death." We are moved to this meditation by the reading of a recent book which has moved us profoundly. We refer to "The Great Design," edited by Frances Mason, already well-known as the accomplished editor of "Creation by Evolution." This is a symposium of fourteen of the most distinguished of the world's scientists on the general question of "order and progress in Nature." The departments of knowledge represented by this galaxy of scholars include astronomy, physics, geology, zoology, botany, chemistry, biology, physiology, histology, and mathematics. All of the men are outstanding authorities, and no one of them a popularizer of the Eddington or Jeans type. What they render is the unanimous verdict that the cosmos is a revelation of order, purpose, design, spirit, and must be interpreted in terms of the higher and more intangible aspects of man's own life. Eight of them, in their attempt to summarize their conviction in a single word, speak of "Mind," and six use the word "God." Typical is the statement of Professor Maynard M. Metcalf. "I cannot but feel that the physical and spiritual are essentially one and that the spiritual aspect is primary . . .; in other words, that God's will sustains everything and that all is directed by intelligence and is purposeful." A genuine summary of the contents of the whole volume is Professor Hans Driesch's profound essay on "The Breakdown of Ma-

terialism," which ends with the affirmation—

We may be allowed to say that the ultimate Realty is akin to a something which we find within ourselves on a smaller and much less important scale—namely, *the Spiritual.*

Our Marxists should make note of this judgment of contemporary science—and so should our Humanists, all too many of whom tend toward a tacit materialism.

Jottings

What could be more amusing than the rage and horror of the Nazis over Lithuania's condemnation and punishment of the Nazi conspirators arrested on her soil? But there is more than amusement in this episode; there is evidence of the madness of these men in the Reich who have the impudence to complain of "oppression."

Relief workers in New York have been secretly raising their salaries, paid out of public funds, in order to meet the mounting cost of living. Families on relief, of course, are being given the same dole. *They* can meet this high cost of living problem as best they may!

We confess that we find it difficult to discover why a conscript army in Germany is so much more terrible than a conscript army in France, or Italy, or Russia. Why should Germany be blamed for the present mess, when the Allied powers have been setting the example of great armaments ever since 1919?

The Scottsboro Case seems to have solved the riddle of perpetual motion. The Supreme Court has ordered a new trial, which will be the fourth. This latest trial will result in another conviction, under conditions which will make necessary another appeal and of course another order for another trial. Is there no end to this thing? Are those innocent boys never to be free?

With a first-class European crisis at hand, a good part of Mussolini's army is in Abyssinia, or on the way. We can think of few things which could comfort us in the event of an outbreak of war in Europe, but one would surely be the spectacle of the war on, and Mussolini's soldiers hopelessly entangled with the tribes of Ethiopia.

With Sir John Simon playing all over again today the role of Sir Edward Grey in 1914, how obvious it is that men learn nothing from experience!

J. H. H.

The Conscientious Objector*

Letter to a Young Man Inquiring

Replying to your inquiry as to what a "conscientious objector" should do in regard to conscription, permit me to offer a few suggestions. I hesitate somewhat to do this, as you will readily understand, but I sympathize with you in your trouble of mind and will do what I can to help you; leaving with you, where it must remain, the responsibility for action.

There are two courses, either one of which the conscientious objector may pursue. First, he may decline to register. There is a penalty attached to this, and in declining to register he must expect to suffer the penalty and in addition finally to be registered. Second, he may at the time of registration declare his grounds for exemption. Should he then be drawn it remains for him to prove his right for exemption, and if he can not make good his case before the board he must be prepared either to enter the service, or to decline and accept the penalty.

Let me advise you, at this point, to prepare yourself to be patient and to hold your temper under all circumstances. Conscription is a brand new thing for American citizens and it is altogether likely that you and others will feel the spirit of democracy in your protesting. Let me advise you to maintain a restrained tongue, a cool temper, a clear head and an unafraid heart.

Now as to the general subject of conscription, which you have raised, you ought to be sure that refusing to go to war is really a matter of "conscience," and not just an "excuse," wrought by fear or selfishness. A man who really follows his "conscience" is not a slacker, nor a coward, nor a traitor (although he may be called all these names, and others), but he is quite as much a patriot, a hero, and a worker as one who shoulders a gun. Therefore, the "conscientious objector" must make it clear to himself—and, if possible, to others—that he is not trying to evade duty but is acting for the good of his country and of humanity by refusing to bear arms.

The "conscientious objector" may rest his claim on several different convictions; he may be opposed to international war except to repel invasion; or his religious faith may forbid his participation in the use of arms; or he may regard this as an unjust war; or he may believe that conscription is a surrender of American rights. Whatever his conviction, he must be sure that it is as fundamental as when Peter said, "We cannot do otherwise; we must obey God rather than men."

This leads me to say that the ground on which the "conscientious objector" must stand is this: the claim that there is a realm in his personality—his conscience—over whose boundaries no human authority, Church or State, should go without his permission. The "conscientious objector"—if he is a genuine one

*Note. After the entrance of America into the World War, this letter was printed in a circular and sent to several hundred people, among them the Governor of the State of Washington and the Mayor of Seattle—the writer not desiring to do anything in secret. The attention of the U. S. District Attorney was called, who thereupon summoned the writer to an interview. Nothing was done except a strong intimation that he might be arrested. The writer was told afterwards that on account of his long record of social service, the Attorney did not care to make a case of it. It is reprinted in this place and at this time as a document of primary importance in the literature of pacifism, and of immediate contemporary moment when war is threatening on every world horizon.—Editor.

—stands on what is called the inalienable rights of conscience: which, further, he contends is essential to democracy.

My hope is that our national administration will exercise great patience and wisdom in dealing with "conscientious objectors." We are being constantly advised to learn from the mistakes of England during the past two years. May I urge that the grievous mistakes made in England toward such people be not repeated in America. President H. C. King of Oberlin College, who is heartily standing for America's entrance into the war, says: "There must be no Bertrand Russell case in America." In our country there are probably enough who are willing and even glad to take up arms; who not only have no scruples against war but are eager for battle. Would it not be unwise and unstatesmanlike to try to force others, —likewise brave and patriotic,—to perform a task against which their deepest and most sacred convictions revolt.

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson is pastor of one of the leading churches in New York City, Broadway Tabernacle. He is standing behind the President. In a sermon on "Ethical Questions Created by the Declaration of War," preached April 29, 1917, he said:

One other question remains. What is a man to do who believes that it is a sin to kill a human being, and that he renounces his Christian faith the moment he places himself under an officer who has authority to command him to take human life? Shall that man carry a gun at the order of our National Congress? I think not. A man must never do what he conscientiously believes it is a sin to do. If to him, killing in time of war is a sin against Almighty God, then he ought to serve his country in some other way than in the trenches. There is one chamber in the soul too sacred for any government to be allowed to enter—that chamber is the conscience. The conscience must at every cost be kept inviolate. No government is given authority by God to force men to do what they believe is wrong. If a man is convinced that it is a sin to shoot men down in battle, then he must not do it.

It is said that nearly three thousand Englishmen are now in English prisons, shut up there because they refuse to fight. Governments have at times granted exemption from military duty to members of religious bodies which declare in their creed that war is wrong in principle. The Quakers have done good service in many wars but as a rule they have never fought. It is right to grant exemption to Quakers and to every other man who has conscientious scruples against the act of killing men. No civilized government ought to compel a man to do what he believes in his heart of hearts is wrong. The Apostles at the very start of their career had to face the question whether they were to harken to the civil rulers rather than unto God. They settled it then and there, and they settled it right. They decided once for all that no matter what the cost, they would obey the voice of God speaking in their conscience. They got imprisoned for their temerity, but they paid the price without flinching.

There are indeed things worth dying for, and one of them is the inviolability of conscience. Man's first allegiance is not to his nation but to humanity—not to Caesar, but to God. When Caesar says, "Do this even though you believe it to be contrary to the will of God," he is asking something which does not belong to him, and which a Christian must promptly and resolutely refuse to give. Every century has had its martyrs. Why should our century go free?

And so it should be made possible for men who are averse to killing human beings to serve their country in some post where their conscience will not be outraged. The world is not sufficiently advanced for conscientious objectors to put an end to killing in our day, but there are more of them today than any preceding generation has ever known. In every city and village, possibly in every college and in every church, there are young men who do not hesitate to say that the government may shoot them, but that kill men they never will. Here is a rising power that must some day be reckoned with. The day is coming when the conscientious objectors will be so numerous that statesmen will hesitate before they decide on war.

So, my word to you, a "conscientious objector," is to be "fully persuaded in your own mind" that your opposition to bearing arms springs not from a desire to be safe and at ease but from a conviction that is rooted in your heart. Keep in mind that the "conscientious objector" is likely to have a harder road to travel than his comrade who enlists. If your conviction is fundamental, then follow your conscience; for humanity's greatest leaders have declared that to be the right road. Through it all, however, let me again advise you to maintain a restrained tongue, a cool temper, a clear head and unafraid heart.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Choice

The Soul floated along in a rapturous daze. It was as he had hoped. Man was immortal. The gates of death were past, and he was still a thinking, feeling individual; himself, with all his memories, his hard-earned knowledge, his ambitions.

And now he was to know the secrets of the universe, where all was mind. He would no longer be hampered with narrow laws. Man with his trammeling thoughts of morality! Right and wrong! They were not real, not necessary. Where was their hell? Where, remorse? He felt none. What he had done, he had done. He had died holding the respect of his fellow man; the love of those near him.

True, there were deeds he would rather forget. He would forget them! He had no remorse. There was no hell! Mind and the individual were supreme. Self and its continuity, all that mattered.

Exultantly, he now hurried on impelled by some force within him.

The long road that stretched ahead, was beautiful in its simplicity; noble in its grandeur. A most amazing soundlessness surrounded him.

On and on through the never changing scene. On and on through the unbroken hush.

His excitement had reached its peak, and he was slipping down into a poignant awareness of his isolation. It was fast becoming horrible! He who had scorned the companionship of his kind, would now have given almost his right to immortality to see a comrade's face. For the first time his thoughts reverted with agonizing longing to the dear ones who had loved him, and who even now must be grieving for him.

Suddenly, across his path lay a dark shadow, and from above came a muffled roar. A black cloud was over him, shaped like a top and spinning madly. It came closer, closer. A wind blew from this cloud with an ever increasing sound. Lower and lower it came until it stopped before him barring his progress, and from this whirlwind came a still, small Voice, "Soul, thou desirest immortality?"

And the Soul replied, "I do."

And the Voice said, "He who desireth immortality should so have lived that he can face immortality. Is it so with thee?"

And the Soul answered bravely, "I would live forever. I would learn the secrets of the universe. I would delve into the past. I would advance into the future. I desire growth and power."

And the Voice—"All this can be thine if thou hast the courage. But knowest thou that on this road of time along which thou travelest, thou hast left the record of thy life? No deed is ever lost—no thought forgotten. They are still living—thy secret thoughts, thy secret deeds for all to read, for all to see. The immortal soul must be known as it really is, and as it really has been."

Lower and lower the Soul bent his head. The agony of shame was upon him. Here, then, was hell—to be known as he really was!

Slowly he answered, "I have not the courage."

And the Voice said gently, "But the Lord thy God is a merciful God. He can still give thee oblivion."

And the Soul bowed his head lower to receive the gift.

EDITH MALLABY.

The Christ Rerisen—An Easter Meditation

Today the major portion of Christendom celebrates the resurrection of Jesus. Jesus was put to death. He was buried in a tomb. His enemies thought they had disposed of him,—disposed of him forever. He had been a disturber of the peace, this man whom they had slain, a revolutionist, a stirrer up of the people. A carpenter had dared to rise to leadership, he had espoused the cause of the common man, he had preached good news to the poor.

Therefore the mighty hated him—the rich who by fraud kept back the wages of the reaper, the scribes and Pharisees who devoured widows' houses, the Sadducees and the priests who fattened in the temple, all who connived with Rome for the suppression of the common herd. These crucified him, and they thought they were rid of him.

But he rose from the dead,—to the confusion of his enemies. They had slain a body, and in sadness his friends buried the body. But the seeds of his truth had been planted in the hearts of his followers. And the seeds sprang up, and thereupon the Messiah's good news to the poor spread far and wide.

Then came a generation that knew not Jesus. They had forgotten the carpenter, the leader of the poor and the oppressed, albeit they still professed to be followers of the Lowly One. Kings and emperors now, princes, soldiers and mighty merchants, the rich and their retinues, bowed down to the Christ and worshipped Him. In the midst of their merchandise, their pomp, and their trappings of power, they worshipped the Christ; all the while despising in their hearts the common herd from whom the true Christ had sprung.

Then was the true Christ once more slain, slain by his church, and they buried him. They buried him deep beneath their creeds, their dull theologies, their empty forms of worship, and their merchandise stolen from the toiler. They garnished his tomb, amid stately columns and high Gothic arches, with all the fineries of the world's vain pomp and glory. It was the tomb of a carpenter. Then they set up another Christ that was like unto themselves, a false Christ, not a carpenter but a Prince, a divine Aristocrat. They exalted the divine Aristocrat, and said to the people, "This is your God. Worship him, and ye shall save your souls into everlasting life, and ye shall have riches in heaven." The poor, having lost for a season their vision of the carpenter Christ, worshipped the divine Aristocrat of the rich; but upon earth they remained poor.

Thereupon dark ages swept over the earth, for the true Christ was dead. And the people were oppressed, and they walked in darkness.

But the Spirit of the true Christ cannot die. Slay the Christ, and he will rise again. Now, once more, is heard the voice of the true Christ, the carpenter Christ. From the tomb of the creeds and the dull theologies and the empty forms of worship he is risen again. His voice is the voice of labor, rising rebelliously from the servile condition that the centuries have imposed upon the toilers of the earth,—the voice of the poor, those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the voice of the meek, the merciful and the pure in heart, the peacemakers and those who have been persecuted for righteous' sake. Again is the good news preached unto the poor, news of deliverance from oppression, gracious news stirring up the hearts of the people in yearning for freedom.

But the churches, for the most part, still worship the divine Aristocrat. They know not that the true Christ has rerisen. Therefore they worship at an empty tomb. Their sermons, their anthems, their recital of creeds, are but the worship of a dead Christ, in whom is no life, nor light, nor health, nor hope of a world's redemption.

Why seek ye the living among the dead? The true Christ is not here, but he is risen. He lives in the street and in the market place, among the lowly, in the midst of the toilers.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O Son of Man.

CHARLES G. GIRELIUS.

Answer

We thought love was enough
When in youth's full and eager strength we drank
From the same cup, fearless and onward looking.
Our blood beat in strong, singing unison
As he and I strained ever on in search
Of a safe haven and a chance to live
Serenely and with children joyously.
We thought love was enough.

But will love be enough
When sluggish pulse and cooling blood remind
That we are old—too old and frail to work—
And out of date with stark modernity?
Can we retire and sit gentle eyed,
Yearning to ease the struggle and sharp pain
Of youth with wisdom born of our same agony?
Will love then be enough?

Ah! love will be enough,
Enough, if we shall dare to part from youth
With graciousness, yield others our dear place,
Forgive them for supplanting us. And should
But memory remain of all our hopes,
Whether fulfilled or only dreams more fleet
Than smiles on sleeping childrens' lips, we shared them.
And for this love is enough.

MARION HALLE STRAUSS.

Memories of William T. Stead*

I

My first connection with William T. Stead was at the hands of Ramsay MacDonald who, then a handsome young Scotchman entering on his early journalistic career in London, came to me with a commendation from Stead who was campaigning in England in behalf of the approaching first Hague Conference to be held in May, 1899; and Stead desired to strengthen the cooperation between the English and American workers. It was my first communication from Mr. Stead, although I had long known of his earnest work for world peace and friendship, as it seems he had known of mine. Mr. Stead had started a little weekly newspaper in London, "War Against War," to promote English interest in the approaching Conference and Ramsay MacDonald was one of his zealous lieutenants. I was at the time president of the Massachusetts Good Citizenship Society and arranged under its auspices a series of Monday noon meetings at Tremont Temple in Boston to arouse interest in the Conference. Young MacDonald's interest and devotion much impressed me, and I took him home to our house on Beacon Hill where we all had an evening's conversation. We quite took him to our hearts, little divining that we were talking with a future prime minister of England; and it proved the beginning of a lasting friendship. I took him to Dr. Hale who was a great admirer of Mr. Stead, and was at the very time starting a little paper, "The Peace Crusade," in which we were to do the work in Boston similar to that which Stead was doing more ambitiously in London. Stead had a large corps of assistants, was organizing meetings all over England and publishing in each issue of his paper a map showing the centers of activity. No man in America did so much to stir up interest here as Dr. Hale. He at once arranged a fine meeting for MacDonald at his church, and never forgot him.

We were in London in 1901, meeting MacDonald again at his home looking down on Lincoln Inn Fields and meeting Stead for the first time. That was at the time of the Boer War. We spent a large part of that summer in England and saw much of the madness of the English people during that insane and wicked chapter, which Stead denounced so vehemently from first to last. He published a weekly paper protesting against it, called "War Against War in South Africa," similar to the title of his "War Against War," of the preceding period, started after the Tsar issued his rescript calling the First Hague Conference and creating, as noted, a strong public opinion to support the movement which paper he kept going until the Hague Tribunal was an accomplished fact. During all this time we had kept in close touch with Mr. Stead's crusade. I had campaigned, especially in my editorials in the New England Magazine, as earnestly against our iniquity in the Philippines as he was doing against the British iniquity in South Africa; and I have little doubt that I found my way to his office at Mowbray House soon after reaching London in 1901.

I can not recall my first meeting with him. I had already come to know him before a certain midsummer meeting which left a deep and permanent impression on my mind. It was a gathering of a lot of ardent Pro-Boers at a dinner at the St. Ermins hotel. There was perhaps thirty or forty persons present, men and women. Mr. Lloyd George, already a marked political figure, was one. There were many speeches; but the only speech which burned itself into my mind was that by Stead. The wrath with which he denounced the war, the solemnity with which he appealed to the English conscience, the feeling with which he paid tribute to the heroism of the Transvaal farmers in their unequal struggle, affected us so deeply that as we came away we said that it seemed as if we had been in the presence of one of the old Hebrew prophets, thundering his, "Thus saith the Lord."

It was in the red glow of the same wrath and the same passion for righteousness that Mr. Stead came a few weeks later, in September, to the International Peace Congress at Glasgow, to which we were delegates. The Congress met under ticklish circumstances, as the authorities were fearful that things might be said about the war which would give the public, in the existing distemper, some fits of indigestion. Stead brought a resolution before the Congress which spread consternation. It was quickly evident that the resolution in its violent terms could not be passed, and the Congress was in something of an uproar as it adjourned at noon before acting upon it. There was a general feeling that the resolution would be killed at the afternoon session. It seemed to me mournful that it should be killed, because its purpose was most righteous; and even while Stead was making his speech I had busied myself in reducing it to some form which, while saving its substance, would give it some chance with the Congress and secure its going out as an expression of the opinion of that important body instead of having it reported as rejected. We captured Stead for luncheon, and talked it over. He immediately accepted the substitute. It was moved by Mrs. Mead in the afternoon; helped by this American sponsorship in the excited local condition, seconded by one of the strong English women, Mrs. Byles, and, adopted, to Stead's great delight—for he had recognized with some dismay that the outlook for the resolution in its original form was hopeless. "But," he said, "I have found out here in Britain that when you want to get a guinea pig through a hedge, you must send a grizzly bear." The incident remained in our minds as an illustration, of which we afterwards had many, of the docility and quick responsiveness, the readiness to adopt another's way instead of his own, which characterized Stead. He was firm and persistent, his convictions were sharp, but he was not opinionated or obstinate, and had no foolish *amour propre.*

It was on the evening of this same day, at Glasgow, that Stead invited a dozen or twenty of us to dinner at some restaurant, and it was a protracted meeting. Jacques Novicov was there from Odessa—the author of "The Federation of Europe," always an important figure at the earlier Congresses which we attended in Europe—and I know not who besides; but I know that Stead did the best talking, and the range took us far beyond the Boer War to the great general movement for the better organization of the world which had then been given such a momentous new impulse by the First Hague Conference, to which I

*This article, to be printed in two parts, is a precious reminiscence of a great peace-worker, timely at just this moment of international disturbance. Would that we had a Stead today!—Editor.

think it is right to say that Stead had roused more public attention than any other Englishman.

We had special ground for sympathy in our strong love for Lowell, whose poems were a veritable part of Stead's Bible, quoted by him ten times as often as he quoted any other American, and in our equal enthusiasm for Puritanism and for John Calvin as a political force. I recall the glow with which I went to report to Stead at Mowbray House my discovery at the British Museum of the volume upon Calvin's famous lines of influence upon the modern world, by Abraham Kuyper of Amsterdam. The book, in English, was made up of half a dozen lectures which Kuyper, then a theological professor, had given at our own Princeton University, although I had never heard of the lectures, which are of rather remarkable power. I may now be speaking of 1903 or 1905; the book, at any rate, was a new one. I confess that I had never heard of Abraham Kuyper, and asked Stead who he was. "Why, man, he is Prime Minister of Holland"; and he rang his bell for a character sketch or some article about him in a recent number of his *Review of Reviews*. It seemed that I had just been declaring that every great Calvinist sooner or later turned out a politician—that no man upon whom Calvin ever got a real grip was contented to speculate about Kingdom Come but set our straightway to put his own earthly bailiwick in order. The immediate illustration of this in my theological professor having already turned into a Prime Minister prompted Stead to gleeful eloquence; although we found out that this particular Calvinist politician, like others of his class, was the bulwark and champion of a good many things in his Dutch politics, which neither of us could identify with the stern tendency which was making most manifestly for the Kingdom of God.

In the year 1905 we attended both the Liberal Religious Congress at Geneva and, a fortnight later, the International Peace Congress at Lucerne. We have always remembered the interesting coincidence by which we chanced to be standing at the corner of the Municipal Building in Geneva in which the Alabama arbitration had been accomplished, at the moment that a news agent was shouting something of special interest, and we bought the extra that told of the peace treaty just agreed upon at Portsmouth between Russia and Japan. We had left London a few days before with the whole world greatly excited and disturbed over the prospect of disagreement. Stead had been particularly disturbed. He felt that the Czar had no adequate realization of the character of American and English public opinion. He had great confidence in the Czar, and real affection for him—this was one of the sore spots in our intercourse. 1905, it will be remembered, was the time when the Duma was looming on the horizon, and there was much fine talk in Russia about free speech, free assembly, free press, and other free things; yet it was hardly a month before I left London that Professor Paul Milyukoff, who afterwards became so famous and so powerful, as the leader of the Liberal Party in the Duma, had been arrested and thrown into prison in St. Petersburg for certain political utterances which were really most wise and patriotic, and, in any case, harmful and obnoxious only to minds soaked with the poison of despotism. I had been the more stirred and outraged by this arrest because I had met Professor Milyukoff in Boston and had had considerable talk with him, enough to take his measure and see that he was absolutely honest, wise and able. I had heard him lecture at our Lowell Institute, where he gave a course upon modern Russian history and politics, and had been peculiarly impressed by his sanity, his knowledge, his conservatism, and his sound political philosophy by what we may call, comparing him with other Russian reformers whom I had known, the Anglo-Saxon quality of his mind, and his realization of the place of evolution in politics and the necessity of taking a people's past into consideration while we are working to build their better future. I was rather hot over the imprisonment of this best type of Russian scholar and statesman, the type which should have been most warmly welcomed and cherished in Russia at that critical juncture, if there were sincerity in the more liberal program, when I made my last call on Stead in London before starting for Lucerne. That he too was starting somewhere was evident as I entered the room; for a big portmanteau lay open on the middle of the floor, and the piles of pamphlets and papers all about it showed the preparation for some campaign.

"Where do you think I am going," he asked. "I am going to start for St. Petersburg tonight. I don't believe the Czar has any honest information as to what is being said about him and what is going on in the world at this hour; and I am going over there to tell him." I said that he must then be overwhelmed with work, and I would not stay a moment, but he begged me to stay, and said that he particularly wanted to talk things over with me.

It seems that the *London Times* had commissioned him to send over half a dozen letters giving an account of public opinion in Russia, not only concerning the things pending at Portsmouth, but the things affecting the proposed political changes in Russia itself. Nobody else in all London journalism probably was so well qualified for such an errand as Stead, because he had not only made himself *persona grata* with the Czar, but through various services had come into exceptionally close and confidential relations with many leading Russian statesmen. I think he had received permission to give public addresses freely wherever he pleased in Russia about English political institutions; and he was confident in the honest and liberal purposes of the Russian government. I was very skeptical; and I opened up on Professor Milyukoff and his arrest. Stead had never heard of Milyukoff, and therefore had not heard of his arrest; but made notes. Finally he said to me, half banteringly:

"What shall I say to the Czar from you?"

It was the first and last time that I was ever asked for a message to the Czar of Russia, although I have many times wished that I might send him certain messages. In this case my message was instantly given.

Tell the Czar of Russia from an American democrat, that so long as it is possible in Russia that a man like Paul Milyukoff can be thrown into prison for such a political address as that which he gave the other day, at the very time that the Russian government is talking about a parliament and liberal institutions, there is not a man in America with a thimbleful of brains who takes the slightest stock in all this fine talk about free assembly and free speech.

"I will tell him," said Stead; and he went to St. Petersburg, and we went to Geneva, and then to Lucerne. As I was reading at breakfast in the Lucerne hotel a London newspaper, I noticed some statement in a dispatch from St. Petersburg about Stead's presence there; and a little further on that Milyukoff was to be liberated from imprisonment. The juxtaposition was certainly a little startling, and my wife of course related it instantly to the talk in London. I wrote about it to Stead at St. Petersburg, asking him to write to me

at Vienna, where the Baroness von Suttner had asked me to go at the close of the Congress, to talk in her parlors about our American peace movement. When I arrived in my hotel in Vienna, there was a letter from Stead. The letter was so interesting that we saved it; and after the terrible *Titanic* tragedy in which he perished we dug it from our treasury.

Moscow, September 28, 1905.

Dear Mr. Mead:

It was your doing more than mine. I used your last talk with me about Milyukoff to secure an interview with him in jail. I rubbed it into the Tsar and Gen. Trepoff in great style, and finally told Trepoff I would not hold a single meeting in support of the Duma until he let Milyukoff out. Three days later he sent his *aide de camp* to tell me he had liberated Milyukoff. The next day Milyukoff attended my meeting and spoke. Tonight he is to interpret for me at my meeting at Prince Dolgzuki's, at which most of the delegates will be present. It seems as if I were likely to stump Russia in the cause of Habeas Corpus with the blessing of the Tsar and General Trepoff.

It was the most romantic adventure of my life, and visible in all from first to last is the all-leading loving hand of God. Your coming to me that last hour was one of the links in the chain.

I like Milyukoff very much. Everyone here is amazed. I do not in the least claim that I liberated him. I only know that everyone ascribes it to me, and that I did every blessed thing I could to get him out.

See my letter in the *Times* today. I am very glad to hear your good news about the Peace Congress. Pray remember me to Mrs. Mead. and do not forget me in your prayers. For if ever a poor mortal needed the constant help and guidance of God, it is

Yours sincerely,
W. T. Stead.

I like to think that Milyukoff's release was hastened by Stead's intervention, and that it fell to me to play my little part in the interesting little drama. Stead's life was full of such dramas. His journalistic instinct and, much more, his great human interest and curiosity drove him to the centre of whatever theatre was staging at the moment the world's most critical play; and I do not believe that there was in the whole world another man who had witnessed so many interesting events or known so many important persons. The walls of his rooms, both at home and at Mowbray House, were covered with photographs of the men with whom he had had to do; and it was a gallery of almost all the celebrities of modern times.

Edwin D. Mead.

[To be continued]

Collaboration in the Churches

Collaboration in the industrial field is the practice of concession and compromise between the exploiters of labor and those who are exploited. The exploiter consents to make his exploitation somewhat more endurable, and the exploited consents to endure the major burden of it, if the rough edges are taken off, or, preferably if the exploitation is shifted to someone else, the unorganized, or the foreigner. This is not the definition of it which the dictionaries give, nor that which is mouthed in polite society or even in the official circles of labor, but it is what the thing actually means in its practical, every-day operation. The working of it becomes more obvious, and therefore more difficult, the farther special privilege proceeds in its unworkable program of maintaining monopoly and the public welfare at the same time.

The churches now are coming to the aid of those who would continue this impossible program. Not that the churches mean to attempt the impossible, as such, nor that they have any conscious ill-purpose toward the exploited of the earth. But the churches are profoundly affected with the faith that "good-will" is the solution of all our human troubles, and they are utterly skeptical on the whole as to the existence of any conflicts within the areas of human relations which cannot be settled in an amiable way. They are persuaded, according to ancient prophecy, that someday the lion and the lamb will lie down together without contributing mainly to the lion's digestive processes, and that even now it may be possible to so modify the lion's teeth and claws, and so mollify his appetite for meat that he might be willing to compromise on a vegetarian diet.

If there is any apparent lightness in this treatment of the situation there is no lack of consciousness on my part as to the seriousness of this superficial and compromising optimism in the religious field. Non-church people, and especially those who are themselves of the idealistic turn of mind, are too prone to dismiss the churches as not to be taken seriously in discussing political and economic problems. Quite to the contrary is the fact. The very awareness of the churches to the present economic disorder is more dangerous to the cause of fundamental social change than would be utter indifference and non-participation on their part. And this for the reason that the churches because of their aversion to any realistic recognition of the class struggle will advise and promote courses of compromise the more plausible and therefore the more mischievous because they are so buttressed behind the higher instincts and the more acceptable moods of humankind. There is abundant reason to weigh against them the significant saying of Jesus: "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

Making pets of lion cubs, and the young of bears and tigers, however creditable to the generosity and trustfulness of children is not to the credit of that commonsense which parents are supposed to have. Unfair as the illustration may seem, making friends with men and women, however personally admirable, who are engaged in continuing a world order which gives us the vast insanity of poverty in the midst of plenty, of political breakdown such as Germany has experienced, and of prospective world warfare more devastating than that which ravaged the nations for the four years from 1914 to 1918, is a very dubious use of good-will, even though such advocacy of good-feeling as we would like to entertain comes to us with the blessing of the churches, beneficiaries in dubious degree of these offenders against the social weal. Quote as you will the prayer on the cross, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"; the Christ who made that prayer did not show much tenderness of speech to *social enemies* in his public address.

There is a famous letter, you may remember, from a notable American of characteristically genial and tolerant temper, to a notable Englishman of high standing and good intentions, which after setting forth the claims of the American colonies for freedom from King George and his ministers, ends in this quick and

kindling fashion. Recalling the long and earnest friendship between them the writer concludes: "You are now my enemy, and I am—Your's, Benjamin Franklin."

The churches find no difficulty in reconciling such an attitude of irreconcilability with the finest people in the world, if they happen to be of a foreign nation, and if war is on between their nation and our's. If this be thought to be one of the indictments against war that men are put into antagonism with men, is it not because the antagonism is reckoned as without cause? What of the attitude of churchmen toward kidnappers, gangsters, and the like? How does good-will operate in conduct toward these?

Of course it will be indignantly denied that there is any analogy between the attitude to be assumed by a good churchman toward these wreckers of social order, of property and of life, and the attitude to be maintained by a Christian workingman toward a Christian business man, if they chance to be brothers in the faith. Even beyond the pale of church membership employers, it will be maintained, are to be esteemed by their employees, as honorable men, and as fellows with whom it is only necessary to reason that righteousness may prevail.

Would to heaven that this were true. But it is not true today nor imagined to be true within the industrial world except where the workings of our economic piracies and murderous exploitations are complacently ignored, or regarded superficially as incidental defects of a necessarily imperfect social arrangement and an as yet untutored moral nature in man. Those who understand what economic evolution is, and how incurably unworkable, both mechanically and morally, is the present capitalist regime, know that the exploiter and the exploited can no more settle the issue between them in this line of fraternal confab and incidental concession than could the slave and his master in the days of chattel-slavery in America.

To infer that I am pleading for ill-will as the way out is to quite miss the meaning of my indictment of what passes for good-will in ordinary pulpit parlance, and in the social sentimentalisms of men's brotherhoods, and like clubs of the commercial world. Nothing of the kind. Hatreds can be quite as blinding as brotherly blandishments which have no basis in brotherly fact. You do not have to hate the man who holds a gun to your head in order to recognize that in such an attitude he is no brother of your's. The illustration, by its very individuality, obscures the parallel between his violence and outrage and the wrong that is done you by the man who holds high place in respectable and church society while doing vastly more wrong to humankind than does any crude highwayman. You are in no danger of collaborating with the highwayman, either in robbing your purse or that of another, unless to spare your purse or indulge your emotionalism, you speed him on his way. You *can* reason with him, for the wrong he is doing is as obvious to him as it is to you. But there is the more demand upon you to careful and truthful exercise of good-will, as you would call it, toward your respectable and honored neighbors whose more far-reaching iniquities are so concealed that they will not admit them to themselves. Your good-will must be as rigorously exerted, to get the man out of the business he is in, when you deal with a business relationship which is essentially antisocial, and which leads to the mass murderousness of commercial and international warfare, as you would will to exercise it toward vulgar individual crime. *There can be no moral collaboration between social revolution and business as it exists today.* And nothing less than social revolution is before us, either backward toward Fascism, or forward toward a society where exploitation is no more tolerated than is highway robbery.

This is a hard saying, as Jesus commented on one occasion, and few will follow it. It threatens disruption to organized religion, everywhere that such organization depends upon support from those who are apologists for the present chaos, and defenders of a program which works ever more toward world collapse. To see and abhor vulgar vice is easy enough. Therefore Jesus said nothing about it. To see the damnation that is in the social mechanism under which we live, and to *uncover* the iniquity of that "goodness" which smoke-screens it from the common eye while lifting the beneficiaries of mass robbery to the high places of church and State, *as Jesus did,* is to invite a fate such as fell upon him. What manner of goodwill was it that he voiced in such terrific terms that the respectables of his day had to silence him in death? It *was* good-will, in the highest terms. But there was no collaboration in it with those who even innocently carried on the social mal-practice which he abhorred.

The first business of fundamental good-will is to call men to repentance, and to the forsaking of the wrong in which they are involved. This is the essence of the class-struggle at the point where religion contacts it. If this cannot be had, then all who sit down to hide the reality in banquetting sentimentalisms of concealment and pretense will go down together, as they did yesterday in Russia; as they do today in Mexico. Good-will failed to be either *good* or *will* in both these instances. Will it fail in the churches of America now?

ROBERT WHITAKER.

Responsibility

Who wields the saber strikes with sordid tool
The state has forged in smolder-fires of greed
Long fed with fuel from our direst need
And fanned by breath of demagogue and fool!
The thundering voice of war, so used to school
Dull mind to hate, still clangs its iron creed
In frenzied tones from breed to brother breed;
All continents flaunt the legend: Might shall rule.

But under lust of gold and pride of power
A spirit burns with slow increasing light
That yet will drown in wide Cimmerian night
The flame of hatred—greed's red glittering shower.
The sap of love will rise through bitter wood
To yield its flower and fruit of brotherhood.

JAMES W. OWEN.

Cromwell

Master of all the empery of force,
Leader of Israel to embattled tents,
He slaughtered kings and trampled parliaments,
And bludgeoned bishops at their chancel doors.
Before the awful onset of his horse
He swept impassioned chivalry's defence;
His scepter shattered those far battlements
And drove their captains from a kingdom's shores.

He left a principate that fell to dust;
A blazonry befouled with baseless shame;
A head foredoomed to rot on Temple bar—
To rise and dominate the future just
Beneath his shadow of undying flame:
Democracy's caesaric avatar.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

Purity of the Press

Stanley Walker, city editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune,* speaking of newspaper work in his book, "City Editor," says: "I love its people and traditions. It is to me the greatest business on earth."

This statement touches a responsive chord in my heart, as I have been a newspaper woman most of my life. To me, to be a good reporter, to recount faithfully the doing of humanity, without fear or prejudice, requires the most impersonal and impartial of attitudes, resembling the impartiality and impersonality of the Almighty himself as he mutely regards the antics of the inhabitants of the earth. At the same time it demands a sympathetic understanding of human nature and a balanced judgment. I know that the editorial work is generally regarded as a step higher than the reportorial—as the molding of public opinion and the influencing of the thought of others,—but the detachment of the reporters job appeals especially to me.

"Comment is free, but facts are sacred," the late editor of the *Manchester Guardian,* C. P. Scott, is quoted as saying by his biographer, J. L. Hammond. Comment belongs to the editorial part of the paper, facts to the reportorial. There is all too often the taint of propaganda over the editorial section. "Persuasion is in the soul, but necessity is in the intellect." The reporter who knows his business sticks strictly to giving the facts without fear or favor. Familiarity with propaganda, which elbows him on either side continually as he walks among men and women, has bred in him a contempt for it and a suspicion of even the best brand. For he has learned how a reform, a cause, a purpose, no matter how good, can come to so obsess a man that he can see nothing else of importance but that.

It is amazing what reformers ask reporters to get into print for them, expecting the paper to take the responsibility for statements unproved and unfounded and certain to bring upon it libel or damage suits. I recall a meeting of welfare workers at the home of a woman of wealth and some influence in Pittsburgh, to which the newspapers of the city were asked to send reporters—but women reporters only. It happened that I was the only woman reporter in the city available that day, and when I got to the place of meeting I found several men reporters seeking entrance. They were told they could not come in because revelations were to be made by young women nurses and investigators of conditions on the Northside so shocking that they could not relate them before men, but that a report would be handed every man reporter at the close of the meeting. Crestfallen the other reporters waited outside and I alone was permitted to enter. My surprise can be imagined when I saw several men in the crowd and heard talks by two of them as well as by the young women. Of course nothing was printed except what might as well have been heard by the men reporters. The strange thing about the affair was that the welfare workers expected the newspapers to make known to the public these conditions through their columns for men, women and children alike to read.

Another incident just as ludicrous was an example of the wave of idiocy that took hold of the army of welfare workers and uplifters of humanity in general at the close of the war. Shortly after the armistice was declared a woman doctor was brought to Pittsburgh to address a meeting arranged by an organization filled with the worthy zeal to make America safe for the soldiers soon to be returned. This doctor spoke eloquently of the high and noble idealism with which the young manhood of the land had gone into the war to save civilization, and she expressed the fear that the young womanhood back home was not worthy to associate with these high-minded youths. She urged all present to join with her in the stupendous task of bringing the standards of the young woman up to those of these soldiers. This task was to be accomplished by a whirlwind campaign of six weeks before the first contingent of soldiers should land on the home shores. She also asked the hearty cooperation of the press in this good work and for that reason reporters had been asked to the meeting.

The speaker was followed by an elderly doctor of much local repute, who not only heartily endorsed all she had said, but emphasized the extreme need of education along matters relating to sex, a subject the woman doctor had also dwelt upon. He expressed his firm conviction that there was an organized prohibition by the press of the nation against publishing anything about the horrible condition that existed. As the two reporters present were leaving the room at the close of these talks they were stopped at the door by the secretary of the organization which had called the meeting, and earnestly requested not to report anything that had been said by either speaker.

This was in the days when almost every woman's club had a standing committee on "Purity of the Press," and devoted a special program each year to deploring its impurity and discussing what could be done about it. Now, thanks to the theatres and the motion pictures, the press, by comparison, has become a model of purity. But some club women, especially of Chicago, still write letters to the editors begging that the characters depicting domestic life in the comic sections treat each other in a more courteous way, lest they so impress the children that they will sidestep marriage when they grow up.

A newspaper cannot give the news wholly without offence to those who consider it only from the standpoint of being good for the family morals. No real newspaper can be a children's publication any more than it can be—except through the business office at regular space rates—a medium for advertising the innumerable worthy causes which if not restrained, would fill the columns with their propaganda and make every city editor discharge his staff in favor of the press agents. But if the newspaper is not fit for the children to read neither is this wicked old world a fit place to bring them into.

In the newspaper office as elsewhere opposing forces are ever contending. Crudely we used to divide these forces into good and evil, but we have learned not to be so cocksure about these things. Good and evil have a way of getting all mixed up, the sheep and the goats keep running back and forth and changing places in such a bewildering way that it is not so easy to tell which is which as those who cry aloud for the purity of the press seem to think. Besides, long before the reformer gets others reformed he is in need of being reformed himself.

While everybody knows or should know that it does not mend matters to pretend not to see evils, and that the public needs a sharp crack between the eyes

once in a while to make it sit up and take notice, on the other hand the force of suggestion cannot be denied, and when frail and short-sighted humanity reads what rascals have done and seemingly got away with, the impulse to go and do likewise is implanted in its liver and lights. The truth is that the newspaper lives always between the devil and the deep sea, though trying to avoid both makes life exciting and well worth the money, as Mr. Walker intimates.

But all the fun is not on the side of the reporters. Often they themselves furnish a good story. There was the visit of Catherine Breshkovsky, the "little grandmother of the revolution," to Pittsburgh shortly after the Bolsheviks came into power. It was at the time when the report that the women of Russia were to be "nationalized" was being spread all over the world. Several young men reporters and one woman went to the hotel to interview Madame Breshkovsky, and also most the first words fired at her by the men as they came in one by one, was "Have the women of Russia been nationalized yet?" For awhile she ignored the question and attempted to direct the interview to other matters, but finally the repeated question brought forth the reply, "Of course not, what do you think the women of Russia are? No government could do that to its women?" Then Madame Breshkovsky rose wearily with a sign to the woman reporter to follow her, went into the adjoining room, sat down on a sofa and thus relieved her feelings, "I get so tired hearing that fool question about the Russian women. Every reporter I have seen since I landed in the United States has asked me that question." And then the mother of the revolution and the woman reporter fell into each others arms in a spasm of laughter.

Despite the talk we hear about the power of the press for good or evil, I believe the good reporter should be as impartial as the writers of the Old Testament as they recorded the heinous sins of the people who claimed to be the chosen of the Almighty. Indeed, I think the good reporter should be even more impartial than these writers were at times, and would have recorded the invasion of the land of the Amalekites, the Hittites, and Jebusites, the Amorites and the Canaanites as impartially as the good war correspondent in the late war told of the invasion of Belgium and France without any intimation that God was on the side of the invaders. He would simply have noted the fact that Uzzah died suddenly after he had put forth his hand with the worthy intention of steadying the Ark, without adding that his death was a judgment against him for an act of impiety.

The famous letter to Virginia assuring her that there is a Santa Claus belongs on the editorial page—if not in the advertising section—as no true reporter would have taken it upon himself to speak positively on a subject the belief in which is so important to the holiday trade while the proof is at least contradictory and confusing. He would have said that the existence of Santa is commonly "alleged" or that he "allegedly" exists.

The good reporter must resist the leading of his imagination lest he meet with a rebuke similar to that received by the young and impressionable young man sent to cover the Harwick mine disaster many years ago in Western Pennsylvania. Awed by the gruesomeness of the scene he began his first telegraphic report thus: "God sits upon the hills of Harwick tonight." Before he got further the line was held up by his city editor who sent back the message: "Pass Harwick up. Send two thousand word interview with God, with pictures."

Is this making of the reporter nothing but a Gradgrind? Let him who thinks so remember the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction. To illustrate the infallibility of this adage let me quote from an editorial in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican,* which is as good today as when it was written:

> Any playwright or scenario writer would be shot at sunrise if he attempted to place before an audience one-half of the episodes elbowing one another in yesterday's news.
>
> Suppose, for instance, if in the great trial scene of the melodrama the lover of the widow and the alleged murderer of the husband, should leap at the widow in the court room and kiss her steadfastly until knocked down by the sheriff. And thereupon both the widow and the wife of the alleged murderer should scream and faint. Yet exactly this happened at Bridgeport, Conn., a fairly hard-headed state with certainly a low percentage of Gallic or Latin emotion.
>
> Or perhaps you prefer the clergyman who wrote so feelingly of being married in the eyes of God. No cynical novelist ever wrote a bitterer satire upon the religious fanatic headed sinward and squaring everything with the Bible as he went. This love letter would be laughed off the screen by the sophisticated film follower of today.
>
> Nor let us omit the young woman who killed a man and forgot all about the trifle for two days. Not perhaps so extraordinary in this open season for killings, but an odd thing to slip one's mind at that.
>
> There is no question that truth is incomparably the stranger. The only wonder is as to why the public insists upon the denatured incidents of fiction and wags its head scornfully when some real blood and thunder passion out of life wanders upon the scene.

MAY STRANATHAN.

The Unknown Rescuer

An eye-witness who escaped from the fatal Kerns Hotel fire, in Lansing, Michigan, on December 11, 1934, described an unidentified bellboy as the hero of the fire: "At least fifty per cent of those saved owe their lives to his courage. He had plenty of time to get out, but he stayed, running up stairways, and pounding on doors to warn the guests. He was still in there when the first wall collapsed." (News report in The New York *Times*).

The Unknown Soldier well deserves his wreaths.
And you, brave boy, have won full meed of praise
From One who said, No greater love hath man
Than that he lay his life down for his friends.
You too saved others but would not take thought
To save yourself. Ah, test of valor, fierce,
Where flames closed in on stairs and corridors
Of doomed hotel! You, spurning your way out,
Ran through Inferno, rousing those unwarned,
Rejoicing when you saw them win escape
Too breathlessly perhaps to call you thanks,
Before the wall fell on your task fulfilled.

A shining wreath, dear boy, for your white deed!
Some sweet-voiced angel who well knows your name,
Through heavenly halls is paging you for God.

ELIOT WHITE

The Study Table

The Story of Jesus

The *schema* of this interesting book* is somewhat novel. It purports to be the narrative of the traditional Wandering Jew, told to M. Fleg, the author of the book. The narrator is the paralytic who was healed by Jesus after he had been let down through the roof by his friends. Gratitude for the miracle of healing makes the former lame man a devoted, though always shy and retiring disciple. In the last agonizing days in the life of his Master he fails him, fails to stand up against the cruel temptations of the time. For his defection he is given an earthly immortality, and made to wander over the whole earth for the centuries intervening until now.

His story is told to the author in Jerusalem, and is almost wholly in the words of Jesus, as given in the four Gospels. The book thus becomes in a way a welcome review to the reader of the well known and always refreshing words of one who is said to have spoken as never man spake One companions with him again, and is drawn by the devotion of the narrator into a closer and warmer intimacy than almost ever before.

Critical questions and interpolations thrown in by the author of the book are not welcomed by the Wandering Jew, and are thrown out as irrelevant to his main purpose. And what is that main purpose? It may be stated as the desire to put before the readers of the book how the author, himself a Jew, would answer the question put by Jesus to his hearers, "What think ye of Christ?"

This question, seems to your reviewer not to be answered by our author. His refusal to admit questions of critical import leave the reader completely in doubt for example as to whether his narrator, who of course is at last himself, believes in the miracle of healing which has inspired in the Wandering Jew his gratitude and devotion, without which his discipleship could not have lasted through the centuries, just as without the miracle he could not have wandered. So of the resurrection, and the alleged appearances. So of the question of the guilt of the crucifixion. Here is one question which the author does seem to wish to answer. For, with the exception of Caiaphas, he is much inclined to believe that not Jerusalem, but Rome, was responsible for the judicial murder. Which shows that the critical questions will not down, and that no one who tries to bring the moral judgments of Jesus to bolster present day ethical convictions can successfully thrust aside as irrelevant the underlying critical problems of New Testament writings. Who and what Jesus was will determine what weight his ethical leadership will have with modern disciples.

The bearing of this contention on the book itself and its author has striking exemplification in the summation at the end in which M. Fleg makes his narrator give utterance to words which are supposed to be what Jesus might say after the centuries to modern Jews and Christians on the subject of pacifism. They are splendid words, prophetic words, but whether they can be taken as what Jesus would now say, or are to be taken simply as Fleg's guess at what he might say, readers must determine for themselves. In part they are as follows:

Woe unto those who make arms, for they shall be subdued by arms!
Woe unto those who give their benediction to arms, for they shall be massacred by arms!
Woe unto those who call men to arms, for they shall be exterminated by arms!
But blessed are those who will refuse to bear arms, for they shall create the earth!
Blessed are those who will cast down their arms, for they shall give birth to the Messiah!
Blessed are those who will die for peace, for they shall see God!

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

*Jesus. By Edmond Fleg. Published by E. P. Dutton, New York. $3.00.

Encore British Agent

One is apt to come through his second volume of memoirs feeling a little impatient with Mr. Lockhart. His whole life, so he indicates, is motivated by an urge to find his proper place in the sun, and haunted by an unholy fear that he will not; yet this same uncertain gentleman walked away from three positions which most men would give their right arms to hold. First (see "British Agent") he was a rubber planter in Malay; and, if we may believe the fact and fiction written about that occupation, it holds enough of glamour, romance, hard work and potential fortune for anyone. This was followed by his consular experience in Russia (also in "British Agent") where he had further taste of power, romance and drama; and excitement enough to satisfy his eager palate, and leave him ready for the comparative quiet and respectability of a commercial attacheship at the British Legation in Prague about which he writes so entertainingly in "Retreat from Glory."†

However, not so; and, after ten brimming years and chiefly because his income could not keep pace with his debts, he resigned for a rather uncertain position in the newly formed Anglo-European Bank. But even this—a sort of walking-delegateship in charge of the rather vague "foreign relations" department—which sent him all over the continent and brought him together with many of the outstanding men of post-war Europe; even this with its numerous fishing excursions and interludes of love and gaiety in the night-clubs of Prague, Vienna and Berlin; even this was not enough. Again he resigned, and, at the close of this last book, we find him tied up to Lord Beaverbrook and his newspapers. Of his work as a journalist, nothing much is said; but we have every right to expect that next year, in another volume, he will carry us with him through the misty mazes of English journalism.

Fortunately, however, R. H. Bruce Lockhart occupies but a small portion of the story: the book creates a vivid picture of Central Europe during the years directly following the Great War; and he records faithfully, without bias, the confusion left by the fiasco at Versailles.

Being stationed in Prague, he is particularly familiar with the Austro-Czech situation: he has a natural facility in diplomatic affairs, and he did much to bring about their mutual understanding—so successful, he was, that one cannot help feeling he should have remained in the diplomatic service.

His pictures of Dr. Benes, President Masaryk, Dr. Svehla, Dr. Rasin, Dr. Kramar, M. Tusar and Strese-

†"Retreat from Glory." R. H. Bruce Lockhart; Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1934; 348 pages.

mann—it was Stresemann who asserted that the disillusionment of German youth after the Allies disbanded at Versailles was responsible for the unrest which led to the ultimate revival of imperialism;—and particularly his report of his first interview with the ex-Kaiser at Doorn, which makes him out to be a little more human and a little less a beast—all these show that Lockhart has an instinctive power for character analysis as well as a natural capacity for diplomatic manipulation. The book should appeal to students of political economy; and to those legions of nosey souls who like to snoop into the innermost chambers of a man's life.

LYLE CORS.

The Green Carnation

It still lingers into the sullen air of a post-war world from the 'Nineties: subtle, elusive, its pristine over-sweetness diluted by distance—the fragrance of the Green Carnation. Finest flower of an exotic era (tempting one to classify it as a unique Wilde-flower in a luxurious Victorian hot-house), this strange orchid takes root, burgeons, and blossoms once more before our eyes, in the attractive pages of M. Renier,* plainer even than in those of Harris and Robert H. Sherard. Again we breathe its too-exquisite perfume, exhaling many memories of a bygone era: and, with its hint of "raptures and roses, absinthe and posies," it inclines one to retrace pensively the splendors of its hey-day and its downfall.

Planted in a Dublin soil of sorcery and seduction, our little lotus soon puts forth luxuriantly its baleful buds, first at Oxford (where it inhaled the riches of high aesthetics), afterwards in American lecture-halls and London salons (where it exhaled them). Full-blown in perfection of artistic decadence, in an evil hour it encountered a kindred spirit in the roving eye of Lord Alfred Douglas—an incautious hand essayed to paint the lily—and the blossom fell. . . . Then Reading Gaol: and from an abyss of infamy the Green Carnation rose to those supreme heights of despair in the world-famous *Ballade*. Next liberty, and the eminence of decay hastened by an unwonted turning towards its Gardener of Evil—there now follows a brief phase of putresence; and the tale is told: the Carnation attains consummation, in accordance with the dictates of its destiny: *What began in corruption hath ended in corruption.*

Throughout the length and breadth of this weird story we see with cameo-like clearness the untoward workings of that tortuous mind, as well as (to a lesser degree) those of its mighty compeer, Lord Alfred Douglas, greatest of English sonneteers save Wordsworth—and the outpourings of the Green Carnation in prose and verse fill that rococo air: *Salome, Lady Windermere's Fan,* amongst the scintillant plays; "Dorian Gray," uppermost amidst the novels; *Intention,* essay-work surpassing either Lamb or Hazlitt; faery tales like "The Happy Prince," rivalling Andrew Lang, and the invincible prison hymn, born of poisoned air at an hour when it seemed to Wilde that all the world was in sea—that wrong was right and right was wrong—and that God had hidden His Face from humanity. Intermingled with all these varied wonders, and merging them with one another, surges a flashing, glowing stream of conversation, wiser and wittier than any eddying across Periclean symposium or Caesarean salon.

An enticing narrative, to be sure, displaying both a most enigmatic personality and an evanescent epoch—but neither can be described here in detail. Flickers through its pages a galaxy of glory including, amongst many others, Harris, Pater, Whitman, Ellen Terry, Aubrey Beardsley, Ruskin, the Goncourts, Sergeant, Rothenstein. Little more had best be said. Oscar Wilde himself has observed that frequently the true function of criticism is not to reveal art, but to conceal it: applying the maxim to this work, we shall do no more than hint at its innumerable charms, then leave it—not, however, without having noted the eventual fate of its protagonist. He died defeated; but was at the last victorious. For, out of the subsequent holocaust of Mars arose the universal domination of Decadence, enthroned over earth in art, politics, business, life—we close, therefore, with Lord Alfred Douglas' somber valedictory on the Green Carnation:

This same perversion's priest, this lord of lies, behold,
Is now exalted on your altar's height;
His sophist's tinsel is acclaimed pure gold,
And England's course, swayed by his votaries,
Declines upon corruption and black night.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

*Oscar Wilde. By G. J. Renier. Published by D. Appleton Co., 1933. $1.50.

Correspondence

Open Season on Mayors

Editor of UNITY:

In recent months we have seen a masterful drive on mayors. The case in the famed city of the Presidents, Quincy, Mass., is difficult for a non-resident to analyze; the animus of the mix-up not clear, but it is hoped that an honest working out of the problem will be a justification of good sportsmanship wherein the "best man wins."

Another case, that of William N. McNair, mayor of Pittsburgh, has been cleared up to the great satisfaction of his friends. Intelligent readers of your paper are familiar with the "graded tax" plan of that city. Beginning in 1914, an approach to the Georgeist theory of abolishing taxes on buildings and industry and taking economic ground rent for government expenses, was made. In 1925 improvements were taxed one-half the rate on land values; there it had remained for ten years. The present mayor was one of the prime movers for this legislation, and his spectacular election to office was as much of a "shock" to him as to those who, enraged by the vote, planned his political extermination. As Mayor McNair tells the story, he was "worst defeated candidate in the United States" for twenty years. Concerned for his health Mrs. McNair persuaded him to give up the contest, and he promised; but being so strongly urged to run for mayor she consented, stipulating for just this once, and the luck turned at last! (Youthful aspirants who wish to serve in their day and generation should read the life of McNair and take courage.) As a plan to shift the burden of taxation from those who earn their wealth to those who receive public funds, the mayor advocated the five-to-one plan, 5 on land and 1 on buildings. A storm of abuse was developed in the press against him, and to be sure of effecting an ouster,

a bill was passed by the lower house which changed the charter of the city and provided for the appointment of a Councillor, a creature of the Governor, as substitute. Confident that the voters had been sufficiently "instructed" by the press to serve the purpose of the opposition, a generous gesture of fair play was made, two papers being induced to run a voting contest. Confidence was misplaced! The people voted to sustain the mayor three to one. Now the amending bill is laid on the doorsteps of a republican senate —will they dare pass it in face of the popular vote!

The bonds of the city of Pittsburgh, in spite of the depression are the highest above par of any large municipality. WINIFRED B. COSSETTE.

Cambridge, Mass.

Children in Industry

Editor of UNITY:

The widespread support that is being given to proposals for old age pensions is due only in part to the desire to free the aged from financial worry. An equally strong reason is the desire to provide jobs for the middle-aged unemployed. Hence it must seem strange to many that the proposed child labor amendment which is now before the state legislatures, and which would bring lasting social benefits for the future as well as releasing a vast number of jobs for the adult unemployed of today, is not receiving more united support throughout the country.

There are about eight million young people in the United States under twenty-one years of age who are not in school. While not all of these are equipped mentally to profit by the regular school courses, a large part of them have minds adapted to study but are leaving school at an early age under the necessity to help earn an income for the family. And so long as employers are free to hire children for a fraction of the adult wage, children will be kept in industry, while parents in large numbers will remain unemployed.

Professor Roy C. Woods of Marshall college has made a study of the question based on Census and Bureau of Labor statistics and has reached the conclusion that if the age for leaving school were raised to seventeen years it would eliminate 2,800,000 youths from the ranks of the employables. Or, if all youths were to complete a high school course, it would take 4,400,000 out of the labor market for the time being. To provide the necessary instruction for these would furnish work for the army of teachers now out of employment.

More provision would have to be made for the teaching of trades and for other technical training. Yet who can doubt that this would prove the salvation of many boys and girls whose aversion to book study causes them to drop out of school at an early age and become idlers? Many a boy who cares nothing for books will take to tools like a duck to water. The training and habits he would thus acquire and the continued contact with teachers, whose influence in general tends to strengthen character, would save many a youth from turning to a life of crime.

Employment of young children (generally those under fourteen years) is forbidden in most of the NRA codes; and in certain industries noteworthy gains have been made in releasing young boys and girls from sweatshops and mills. Still, the vast majority of child workers have not yet been affected by the codes. According to the National Child Labor committee report of May, 1934, only 100,000 children under sixteen years have been taken out of industry, while 50,000 between sixteen and eighteen have been removed from hazardous occupations. So long as the administration of the codes is left so largely to the industries themselves, we cannot expect general enforcement of the child labor restrictions.

Furthermore, the future status of child labor under the codes is uncertain, since all the codes will expire soon and no one knows whether they will be renewed with their present restrictions. President Roosevelt is therefore urging ratification of the child labor amendment in order to make permanent the gains already achieved. His appeal is being seconded by virtually all the welfare organizations of the country.

The arguments of the opponents of the amendment are not convincing to thoughtful people. The amendment gives Congress the power to "limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." No sensible person believes that its adoption will jeopardize the rights of the states or the freedom of the press, or the right of parents to require a reasonable amount of work from their children at home. The fierce opposition which may defeat the amendment has its real strength in the attitude of those numerous employers who see one source of their profits removed if child labor is prohibited. It is another phase of the age-old struggle between human welfare and greed.

The adoption of the child labor amendment is the starting point in a well-conceived program for giving multitudes of children the opportunity for a fuller life. If we were to devote a billion dollars of our relief funds to achieve this end, and should find that in doing so we had released more than two million jobs for our adult workers, we might feel that here at least was money well expended. F. S. KINDER.

Commendation and Example

Editor of UNITY:

About a year ago I started a subscription to your UNITY magazine. It has proved better than I anticipated, in fact, of a unique value such that I would hate to be without it.

After considerable trial I find the following magazines most worthy of my subscription money and limited reading time. For social field, *Survey Graphic;* political interpretation, *Common Sense;* travel and geographic interest, *National Geographic;* wide field of progressive intellectual grasp, *Harper's,* and for best modern religious thinking, UNITY.

May you prosper and grow. To help I am sending three subscriptions at the special rate.

New Hope, Pa. PHILIP W. SMITH.

Unity Still Ahead

Editor of UNITY:

I am so glad that UNITY is still going forward. I am delighted that Mr. Holmes sees beyond the interesting experiments in Russia to the inexcusable stupidity in the manner of accomplishment. If justice can be obtained only by the use of wile and murder it is just too bad for human progress. It is even worse than our method of shooting the light of civilization into the Filipinos, or England bearing the white man's burden—so long as it pays—or Hitler raising the German people to new heights of depressing women to be merely breeders and feeders for and of men.

Coral Gables, Florida. O. C. S.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 62)

mercy, righteousness, justice, truthfulness, self-control, cooperation, are abandoned or practiced only toward friends. Religion should no longer sanction war. . . .

The Churches Should Stand For:

Repudiation of war, drastic reduction of armaments, participation in international agencies for the peaceable settlement of all controversies; the building of a cooperative world order.

Economic Relations

The teachings of Christ which bear on economics are not expressed in technical terms; but deal primarily with motives and human values. . . . They give supreme emphasis to the motive of service as over against self-seeking: "Whosoever would become great among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all."

There is here no mere exaltation of humility, but a positive insistence upon the dedication of talent to human welfare. The motive of service supplants the desire for gain. These teachings strike at the root of the exploitation of human life and of natural resources, against concentration of wealth, against extravagant living, against the autocratic use of power. They forecast the industry of the future, which will be positively dedicated to the economic plenty of mankind. . . .

The Christian ideal calls for hearty support of a planned economic system in which maximum social values shall be sought. It demands that cooperation shall supplant competition as the fundamental method. . . .

The churches should be ready for a warm-hearted cooperation with every sincere attempt of forward-looking pioneers to build a better order, and they should themselves become a source of inspiration for such effort.

Methodist Episcopal Church—General Conference, 1932 War

The governments of 59 nations having by the Pact of Paris officially renounced war, should now abolish weapons designed primarily for aggressive purposes. . . .

We call upon the world to witness the fact that the signatories to the Versailles Treaty in forcing the disarming of Germany, solemnly declared they were doing it in order to render possible initiation of a general limitation of armaments of all nations; also the fact that the United States, signatory to the Treaty of Berlin, in which is embodied the Preamble of Pact V of the Treaty of Versailles, made the same promise to Germany and the world, and in our judgment these nations are all morally and legally bound to a general reduction of armaments. . . .

We believe it to be the duty of the churches to give moral support to those individuals who hold conscientious scruples against participation in military training or military service.

Social Justice (General Conference, 1932):

A Christian Appraisal of the Acquisitive Society

Confronted by the spectacle of the breakdown of our social and economic structure around the world, with its toll of human want and misery, it is clear that the Church must not acquiesce in continuance of present status. . . .

The present industrial order is unchristian, unethical and anti-social because it is largely based on the profit motive which is a direct appeal to selfishness. . . . Self-interest is both planless and, in the largest sense, without social intelligence, thus producing the periodic economic crises which from time to time plunge the world into depression and want.

The present calamity is becoming increasingly threatening, so that it makes imperative a reconstruction of our economic order. . . . We must stir the conscience of mankind to create a social way of life in which all men have opportunity to develop their capacities to the fullest extent. . . .

The present economic crisis comes as both a spur and a rebuke to the Christian Church operating within and supported by the present social order, and all too largely conforming to it.

Pittsburgh M. E. Conference, 1932

We call our church to repentance for its ethical callousness.

New York East M. E. Conference, 1932

We must increasingly hold before ourselves the ideal of that co-operative commonwealth.

"The Bishops Address the Church" (Methodist Episcopal), November, 1933:

The principles and practices of our existing social order must be restudied and reappraised in the light of human values and human needs. . . . It should be evident even to a way-faring man that there is something fundamentally wrong with an economic system that breaks down on an average every seven years with such frightful wreckage as we see about us on every side. Merely to "restore the system to its normal functioning, as we have been advised to do, is to trifle with a terrible catastrophe and assure its return. The naive faith in our present economic gods must go. . . . No system built upon poverty, suffering and injustice can longer be allowed to go unchallenged. . . .

The concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a steadily narrowing minority, the control of the means of production and distribution, the ownership of the resources of the nation by a privileged few, threaten the economic freedom and security of the people as a whole. . . . Only as we have a more democratic and widespread control of our economic resources, wealth and power will we be assured of social safety.

New England M. E. Conference, 1931

Political Action. "If the business of the Master leads into politics, we will not stop at the boundary line while men and women suffer for the want of our political activity."

Northern New York M. E. Conference, 1931

"We are the victims, the beneficiaries, and the perpetuators of an economic system which is founded upon profit and motivated by selfish gain."

Philadelphia M. E. Preachers Meeting, 1931

"We record it as our deliberate conviction that industry based solely upon the profit motive is doomed."

Congregational-Christian Churches—General Council, 1934
War

. . . The cleavage between the way of Jesus and the system of war is clear. We are convinced that we must now make this declaration: "The Church renounces war!" The mind of our church (insofar as this vote reveals it) has moved to this solemn conviction.

In the face of the system of compulsory military training maintained in our high schools, land-grant schools, colleges and universities, we affirm our conviction concerning the right of all students to be conscientious objectors on religious or ethical grounds, and we pledge to our Congregational and Christian young people our support.

Social Justice
General Council, 1931

Be it resolved that the Church stand for:

1. The inauguration of a system of planned national economy to the end that a more equitable and efficient method of social control shall be brought about in the productive and distributive processes both in industry and agriculture.

General Council, 1932

From *"Advance,"* July 12, 1934:

A resolution was offered calling for the overthrow of the present economic system, including the principles of private ownership which "depend for their existence upon the exploitation of one group by another, create industrial and civil strife, precipitate periods of unemployment and perpetuate insecurity and all its attendant miseries."

The resolution on this matter that was finally adopted described "our present profit-seeking economy as increasingly self-destructive," and continued:

We set ourselves to work toward the abolition of the system responsible for these destructive elements in our common life by eliminating the system's habits, the legal forms which sustain it, the moral ideals which justify it. We set ourselves to work toward the inauguration of a genuinely cooperative social economy, democratically planned to adjust production to consumption requirements, to modify or eliminate private ownership of the means of production or distribution wherever such ownership interferes with the social good.

Presbyterian, U. S. A., May, 1932
Social Justice

Report of the Committee of Social and Industrial Relations of the Board of National Missions, May 31, 1932:

The Church must insist more emphatically than heretofore that human values must take precedence over all others and that no system that is economically and industrially wrong can be ethically right. Industry for industry's sake has worn out. It has had its day. Industry when it is Christian will insist that souls were not made to feed machines, but that machines were made to feed souls and to satisfy the needs of human life. In the Christianity of Christ the human fact outweighs all other facts. The community exists to provide the free and abundant life for all its members. . . . Toward such an ideal we must see to it that our present economic and industrial order moves. (Note: President Roosevelt, at the close of his address to the churches at the 25th Anniversary Meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America on December 6, 1933, at Washington, said: "The churches, while they remain wholly free from even the suggestion of interference in government, can at the same time teach their millions of followers that they have the right to demand of the government of their own choosing the maintenance and furtherance of a more abundant life.")

Protestant Episcopal—General Convention, 1931
Social Justice—Unemployment

The Convention voted to submit for the "careful consideration of our fellow churchmen the report of the Committtee appointed to consider national and world problems." The statement says:

(2) To recognize the workers' need for security. As Christians we assert in the language of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, that "the right to regularity in employment is co-equal with the right to regularity in the payment of rent, in the payment of interest on bonds, in the delivery to customers of the high quality of products contracted for." This course the Convention declares to be as "a supreme ethical task of our day."

(3) To place upon the community the responsibility for the formulation and execution of a definite plan. . . . Production and consumption can be so coordinated as to remove fear from the minds of the workers as to continuity of employment; as to their surviving dependents in case of death; and as to their old age. And this can be done without the loss of the benefits of individual originality, initiative and enterprise. . . .

It is becoming increasingly evident that the conception of society as made up of autonomous independent individuals, each free to seek his own ends, is as faulty from the point of view of economic realism as it is from the standpoint of Christian idealism. Our traditional philosophy of rugged individualism must be modified to meet the needs of a cooperative age. This course is commended to the intelligence and the conscience of the church and the community."

Reformed Church, U. S., 1932

There must be a reconstruction of our whole economic system upon the basis of brotherhood and justice.

Unitarian Association, American, 1931

A planned Society. "We hold that it is now time that the engineering principle of planning . . . should be extended to the control of entire industries and to industry in general.

"What is needed is a statesmanlike and constructive plan for a just social and economic order."

California Christian Social Action Conference, 1932

"We are convinced that our present economic system has not only broken down, but it is utterly inadequate for the needs of our day. Hence we feel that we need not indict the system. It stands indicted in the light of its own stupendous failures."

Catholic Church

(From pamphlet entitled "A Statement on the Present Crisis." Bishops of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1933)

War: World Justice, Charity and Order

Pope Pius IX, in condemning

the unbridled race for supremacy in armaments, pleads with the Bishops of the world to "employ every means at your disposal, through preaching and through press, to enlighten men's minds and to incline their hearts to the requirements of right, reason, and even more to the law of Christ.

We desire world justice, world charity, and world order; but we must realize that the selfishness, rivalry, suspicion, intrigue and hatred of nations are working against those three great aims. It is our duty to pray for peace and to work for peace, and to pray and to labor that our powerful country may lead all the nations of the world, to see the folly of armaments as they are being augmented by the nations today.

The social implications of the teaching of Christ have made and are now making an irresistible appeal to the inarticulate but powerful masses of the disinherited. The institutions of society are no longer looked on as means to sustain the arrogance, the luxury and pride of a favored few. Change can be effected as it has been effected by the bomb, the rifle and the torch, but such change means increased suffering and greater misery; or it can be brought about, without detriment to our heritage of Christianity and civilization, if those who believe in Christ enter with Christ on the road of humility and renunciation. The real authors of violent and bloody revolution in our times are not the radicals and communists, but the callous and autocratic possessors of wealth and power who use their position and their riches to oppress their fellows. It is the duty of Catholics to be mindful of their obligations, as bearers of the great Christian tradition, to be courageous in rebuking tyranny, luxury and sordid egotism, and above all to be exemplary in their efforts to make their deeds and lives reflect the faith they profess.

Jewish

Central Conference of American Rabbis, 42nd Annual Convention, 1931.

War: Militarism

We re-affirm: 1. The importance of making the spirit of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact for the outlawry of war the spirit of the countries signatory to it. All policies and legislation of governments should be oriented to it.

2. Our opposition to compulsory military training in colleges and all military training in high schools.

3. The necessity of a consultative treaty in addition to the Kellogg pact.

4. The right of applicants to be admitted to citizenship in the United States even if they are conscientious objectors to war.

We further affirm:

5. That the United States should not build its navy up to the limit permitted by the London Naval Treaty but should rather prepare to achieve a reduction of all navies at the Geneva Conference.

Social Justice

(From leaflet entitled "Judaism and the Social Crisis" issued in September, 1934.)

Let us not misunderstand the crisis we face in our social life. . . . Two years ago we believed we were suffering a dislocation of the economic machine of the world; the symptoms now, however, indicate a more serious situation. What we are witnessing is nothing less than the breaking up of a whole social system. . . . the old order is coming to an end.

The men who occupy posts of leadership and control still believe that the primary function of the economic machine is to create profits and enrich those who now hold the legal title of ownership. That economic theory is obsolete and dead and the economic organization it created is doomed. Our deeper experience and clearer insight teach us that the function of our economic life is two-fold: it must serve society with the things that society needs; and it must maintain men and women who are able and willing to work.

From Report of June, 1934

The members of the Central Conference of American Rabbis welcome the plan of the present administration to socialize the basic enterprises of society and especially the following:

1. The Banking System of U. S.
2. Transportation System and Communications.
3. The Power Plants. . . .

Finally we would direct attention to the necessity for increasing emphasis on the fundamental ideal of the new social order, namely, that an economic organization governed by the principle of competition and production for profit, must be entirely remotivated in the interest of a finer ethical ideal. The members of the Conference reiterate their conviction that this form of economic organization must yield to a new system and that the economic life of America must be completely reorganized in accordance with the principles of cooperation and production for service and advancement of the common welfare. . . .

—Darwin J. Meserole.

(Concluded in next issue)

Unity-Forward March

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